

FRANZ (CONT'D)

OF OLD BAVARIA.
OH, IT'S SUCH BLISS TO KISS THE MISS I MISS
LIKE THIS
IN OLD BAVARIA.
OH, THE MEADOWS AND THE MOUNTAINS AND
THE SKY ...

PIGEONS

COO COO

FRANZ

NOT TO MENTION HORDES OF BROWN SHIRTS PASSING BY ...

PIGEONS

COO COO

FRANZ

BRING A TEAR TO EVERY SINGLE NAZI EYE,
IN OLD-I'M TALKING OLD-BA-VAR-I-A!

(as his pigeons join him in cooing to the last note - to the tune of "Uber Alles" - in perfect pigeon harmony)

PIGEONS

COO COO - COO COO
COO COO
COO COO
COO

FRANZ

Very good. All right, my lieblings, chow time!

FRANZ busies himself with his pigeons and doesn't notice as MAX and LEO enter from the rooftop door.

Start Here



MAX

It's just a hunch, but I'm betting this is our man.

LEO

He's wearing a German helmet and Lederhosen.

MAX

Don't notice it. Don't notice anything. Always look straight ahead. Remember, we need that play.

(addressing FRANZ)

Franz Liebkind?

FRANZ

(with a heavy German accent)

I vas never a member of the Nazi party. I only followed orders. I had nossing to do with the war. I didn't even know there vas a war on. Ve lived in the back. Right across from Svitzerland. All ve heard vas yodeling.

(HE yodels a bit to prove his point and then abruptly stops to shout)

Who are you?!

MAX

Relax, Mr. Liebkind, we're not from the government. We're producers, Bialystock and Bloom. Here to talk to you about your play.

FRANZ

My play? You mean "Springtime For ... You-Know-Who"?

MAX

Yes.

FRANZ

Vat about it?

MAX

We love it. We think it's a masterpiece.

LEO

We want to put it on Broadway.

FRANZ

Broadway? Oh, joy of joys. Oh, dream of dreams. I can't believe it. I must tell my birds.

MAX

Tell your birds.

FRANZ

Otto, Bertha, Heinz, Heidi, Wolfgang...Adolph! Do you hear? Ve are finally going to clear the Führer's name! Ach, Broadway! Lights, music, happy tippy-tappy toes. You know, not many people know it, but the Führer vas a terrific dancer.

MAX

Really? We didn't know that, did we, Leo?

LEO

No, we sure didn't.

FRANZ

(angry, more than slightly nuts)

That's because you vere taken in by the B.B.C. Filthy British lies. But they never said a bad vord about Vinston Churchill, did they? Churchill! Vit his cigars, vit his brandy, and his rotten paintings! Rotten! Hitler! There vas a painter! He could paint an entire apartment in one afternoon. Two coats!

MAX

Of course he could, Mr. Liebkind. And that's exactly why we want to produce your play. To show the world the true Hitler. The Hitler you loved, the Hitler you knew, the Hitler with a song in his heart.

(taking out a contract and a pen and thrusting them on FRANZ)

Here, Franz Liebkind, sign here and make your dream a reality.

FRANZ

Nein.

MAX

Nein?

FRANZ

No.

MAX

No?

FRANZ

First you must prove to me that you believe as I believe. By joining vit me in singing and dancing the Führer's favorite tune ... "Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop"!

LEO

"Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop"?

MAX

"Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop."

LEO

Oh, no, I could never sing the Führer's favorite

MAX

Delighted! Delighted!

(aside to LEO)

Shut up, he's almost ready to sign.

FRANZ

All right, first you vill roll up your pants. Jawohl?

MAX

(HE rolls up his pants legs, revealing socks with garters)

Jawohl!

LEO

(reluctantly rolling up his pants legs to reveal skimpy ankle socks and very pale white shins)

Jawohl.

FRANZ

Good, good. Key of E ...